THE TRAYTOR.

A

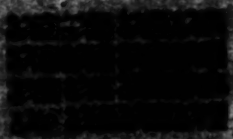
TRAGEDY:

WITH

Alterations, Amendments, and Additions.

As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Servants.

Written by Mr. Rowe.



LONDON,

Printed for Richard Parker at the Royal Exchange, and Sam. Briscoe in Covent Garden, over against Will's Coffee-House.

MDCCXCII.

TO THE

Right Honourable Donough Earl of *Clancarty*, Viscount *Muskery*, and Baron *Blarney*.

May it please your Honour.

I *Crave pardon my Boldness in presuming to Shelter this Orphan under your Lordships Protection, I am but ignorant, having never as yet tasted any Favour from you, that it cannot but meet with a severe Construction, but wholly relying upon your Clemency, I have always been a favourer of the Muses, I hope my Lord that your Lordship may, for the Authors sake, vouchsafe to accept it a favourable acceptance. I will not flatter it with any Praise, it is Commendation enough, to say the Author was Mr. Rivers. I am very well assur'd, after your perusal your Honour will esteem it one of the best Tragedies that this Age hath Produced. I humbly beg your Lordship to pardon my Presumption,*

Of your Honours most Humble

And most Obedient Servant.

TO THE

Right Honourable Sir Walter Earl of Clarendon, Viscount Maldon, and Baron Blaney.

Duke of *Florence*.	Mr. *Hodgson*.
Lorenzo, His Kinsman and Favorite, the Traitor.	Mr. *Kynaston*.
	Mr. *Williams*.
	Mr. *Tilden*.
	Mr. *Harris*.
	Mr. *Alexander*.
	Mr. *Hayes*.
	Mr. *Mark Lee*.
	Mr. *Bright*.
	Mr. *Freeman*.
	Mr. *Young*.
	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
	Mrs. *Lafella*.
	Mr. *Cory*.
Laff, *Pleasure*, *Fortune*.	

THE

TRAYTOR.

Actus Primus.

Enter Pisano *and* Petruchio.

Pisano.

DIDST bid him come?
Pet. I did.
Pis. Go back again,
And tell him, I am gone abroad.
Pet. He's here already Sir. *Enter* Cosmo.
Cos. Dear *Pisano*,
Let me enfold thee thus:
And yet my heart counts [illegible] Embrace a distance.
Pis. I was woing *Cosmo*
My Man, to tell thee, I was gone abroad
Before thou cam'st.
Cos. How's this? Your words and looks
Are strange, and teach me to infer I am
Not welcome, that on riper Counsel, you
Do wish my absence.

Pis. What for telling truth?
He thus should have but made the fit to see
Thy friend, thou com'st with expectation
To hear me talk, as I was wont of State,
Our Friendship or of Women: *Cosmo* Yes: no such matter.
Cos. This is more wild than usual, your language
Is not so clear as it was wont.
Pis. Right, right *Cosmo*,
The reason is, I have straggled,
And lost my self I know not where, in what
Part of the World, and would not this be shown
As well in him, to have prepar'd thee now?
Cos. What humour's this *Pisano*, I am yet to understand?
Pis. To understand!
Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast
A name in *Florence*, for a ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation, of whom
Already our old Men do Prophesie
Good, and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions.
Cos. This is an argument above the rest,
Pisano is not well; for being temperate,
He was not wont to flatter, and abuse
His Friend.
Pis. Besides there is another reason,
Thou should'st discover me at heart, through all
These mists, thou art in Love too, and who cannot,
That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess
At every symptom of that wanton Feaver.
Oh my Friend!
Cos. What misfortune can approach
Your happy Love in Fairest *Amidea*.
Let jealous Lovers fear, and feel what 'tis
To Languish, talk away their Blood, and Strength,
Question their unkind Stars. You have your Game
Before you Sir.
Pis. Before me where? why dost
Thou mock me *Cosmo*? Shee's not here.
Cosmo. It is
No Pilgrimage to travel to her Lips.
Pis. 'Tis not for you.
Cos. How Sir, for me? y've no

Suspition

Suspition, I can be guilty of
A Treason to our Friendship, be so just,
If malice have been busie, with my fame,
To let me know——
Pis. You hastily interpret,
Thy pardon I have only err'd, but not
With the least scruple of thy faith, and honour
To me; thou hast a noble Soul, and lov'st me
Rather too well, I would thou wer't my Enemy,
That we had been born in distant climates, and never
Took Cement from our Simpathies in Nature.
Would we had never seen, or known each other,
This may seem strange, from him that loves thee *Cosmo*,
More pretious than his Life.
Cos. Love me, and wish
This separation?
Pis. I will give thee proof;
So well I love thee, nothing in the world
Thy Soul doth heartily affect, but I
Do love it too, does it not trouble thy
Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,
But thine exchang'd, thy eyes let in my objects,
Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kisse'st, and enjoyest
All my felicities.
Cos. What means this Language?
Pis. But what's all this to thee? Go to *Oriana*,
And bath thy Lips in Rosie dew of kisses;
And if at thy return thou find'st I have a being
In this vain world, 'Ile tell thee more. *Exit.*
Cos. But Sir, you must not part so.
Pet. Not with my good will,
I have no great ambition to be Mad.
Cos. *Petruchio*, let me conjure thee, tell
What weight hangs on thy Masters heart? why does he
Appear so full of Trouble?
Pet. D'ye not guess?
Cos. No.
Pet. Why he loves——
Cos. The Beauteous *Amidea*, I know that.
Pet. Some such thing was. But you are his Friend, My Lord,
His Soul is now devoted to *Oriana*.
And he will dye for her, if this Ague hold him.

Cosmo, Ha!
For 'tis not possible without some cure
He should live long.
Good Sir, do you go in and Comfort him.
So, so, it works; *Exit* Cos.
This was my Lord *Lorenzoes* Plot, and I
Ha' been his Engine in the work, to batter
His love to *Amidea*, by praying
Oriana to him, he is here, My Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Petruchio, where's your Lord? how moves the work?
Pet. To your own wish, My Lord, he has thrown off
The thought of *Amedia*, and is mad
For *Cosmo's* Mistress, whom by your instructions
I have commended so———
Lor. My witty Villain!
Pet. Cosmo is with him, to whom cunningly
I ha' discover'd his disease, and I
Beseech you interrupt 'em not.
Lor. This may
Have Tragical effects *Petruchio*:
For *Cosmo*, we shall prune his fortune thus,
Oriana's wealth would swell him in the State,
He growes too fast already, be still ours.
Pet. My Lord, you bought my Life, when you procur'd
My pardon from the Duke. *Exit* Lord *and* Pet.

Enter Pisa. *and* Cosmo.

Pis. O Friend, thou canst not be so merciful,
To give away such happiness, my Love
Is for some sin I have committed, thus
Transplanted, I look'd rather thou shouldst kill me,
Then give away this comfort, 'tis a charity
Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better
That I should languish still, and die.
Cos. *Oriana* and I were but in Treaty.
If you can find dispensation in your
With *Amedia*, you shall have the consent
Oriana may be wone, and it were necessary
You did prepare the Mother.

Pis. Each syllable is a blessing.
Cos. Although some complaints have past between
Me and *Oriana*, I am not warm
Yet in the Mothers fancy, whose power may
Assist you much, but loose no time.
Pis. Thou Miracle of Friendship! *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Frederico, Florio, *and* Alonso.

Du. Letters to us? from whom?
Al. Castruchio.
Du. The Exile, whence?
Al. Sienna My good Lord,
Is came inclos'd within my Letter, which
Impos'd my care and duty in the swift Delivery.
Fr. The Duke is pale of the suddain.
Du. A Palsie does possess me, Ha! *Lorenzo*,
Our Cousin, the Enemy of Our Life and State,
My bosom Kinsman? not too loud, the Traytor
May hear, and by escape prevent Our Justice.
Flo. What Trayter?
Du. Alonso, come you hither,
What correspondency maintain you with this
Castruchio?
Al. None My Lord, but I am happy
In his election, to bring the first
Voice to your safety.
Du. Most ingrateful man
Turn Rebel: I have worn him in my blood.
Al. Tis time to purge the humour.
Du. I will do't.
Our Guard, were he more precious, had he shar'd
Our soul, as he but borrows of our flesh,
This action makes him nothing.
He turne conspirator. On the face of Princes
But stay, this paper speaks of no particular,
He does not mention what design, what plot.
Al. More Providence is necessary,
Du. Right, right, good *Alonso*, thy honest man
And lov'st us well, what's to be done?
Al. Tis best
To make his person sure, by this you may

Discover

Discover soonest who are of his faction——

Du. And at our leisure study of his punishment,
Which must exceed death; every common trespass
Is so rewarded, first apply all tortures
To inforce confession, who are his confederates,
And how they meant to murder us, then some rare
Invention to execute the Traytor,
So as he may be half a year a dying,
Will make us fam'd for Justice.

Enter Lorenzo, Depazzi.

Al. He is here,
Shal's apprehend him?
Lo. Happy morning to
My gratious Soveraign.
Du. Can Treason couch it self within that frame?
We ha' Letters for you.
Lo. Letters, these dread Sir
Have no directions to me, your Highness
Is only nam'd.
Du. They will concern your reading,
Alonso, now observe and watch him *Flavia*,
Depazzi come you hither, does *Lorenzo*
Look like a Traitor?
Dep. How sir, a Traytor?
Du. Ay Sir.
Dep. I sir by my Honour not I sir, I defie
Him that speaks it; I am in a fine pickle.
Lor. I ha' read——
Du. No blush! not tremble: Read again.
Lor. The substance is, that you maintain
A vigilant eye over *Lorenzo*, who
Hath threatned with your death, his Countries liberty
And other things, touching reducing of
A Common-wealth.
Du. I like not that.
Dep. All's out:
A pox upon him for a Traytor, he
Has hedg'd me in but I'l econ[illegible]
Du. What answer
Make you to this *Lorenzo*?

Lo.

Lor. This o'th' suddain.
Sir I must owe the title of a Traitor
To your high favours; Envy first conspir'd,
And malice now accuses, but what story,
Mentioned his name, that had his Princes bosome,
Without the Peoples hate, 'tis sin enough
In some men to be great, the throng of stars
The rout, and common People of the skie,
Move still another way then the Sun does,
That guilds the creature, take your honors back,
And if you can that purple of my veins,
Which flowes in yours, and you shall leave me in
A state, I sh'anot fear the great ones envy,
Nor common peoples rage, and yet perhaps
You may be credulous against me.
Duk. Ha!
Al. The *Duke* is cool.
Duk. *Alonzo* look you prove.
Lorenzo what you say.
Al. I say my Lord?
I have discovered all my knowledge sir:
Dep. Stand to't——
Lor. With licence of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gain by Treason?
Admit I should be impious, as to kill you,
I am your nearest kinsman, and should forfeit
Both name and future title to the State,
By such a hasty, bloody disposition,
The rabble hate me now, how shall I then
Expect a safety? is it reformation?
Of *Florence* they accuse me of; suggesting
I disaffect a Monarchy, which how
Vain and ridiculous would appear in me,
Your wisdom judge, in you I live and flourish,
What in your death can I expect, to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?
Should I for the heir, and talk of new goverment,
And Common-wealth, loose all my certainties?
And you above 'em all, whose favours have
Fall'n like the Dew upon me; have I a soul
to think the guilt of such a murder safe,

Were there no other Torments? Or can I
Expect the People will reward your Murderer
With any thing but Death, a Parricide?

Al. So, so, the *Duke* is already in his castle.

Lor. But I am tame, as if I had no sence,
Nor other argument to vindicate
My Loyalty, thus poysoned by a [illegible]
In my eternal fame, and by a slave
Call to my brow, some one that dare accuse me,
Let him have honour, great as mine, to forfeit;
Or since your grace hath taken me so near
Your own height, that may seale, that may expect
Such a proportioned adversary, yet an heir
Have name within his Country, and allow him
A Soul, 'gainst which, I may ingage my mine,
Then equal honor, then I'll praise your justice;
But let him not be one condemned already,
A desperate exile—is it possible
A Treason hatcht in *Florence*, 'gainst the Duke
Should have no eyes at home to penetrate,
The growing danger, but at *Sienna*, one
Must with a perspective discover all:
Ask this good Councellor, or those Gentlemen
Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always waking
About your Person, how have I appeared
To them, that thus I should be rendered hateful,
To you, and my good Country, they are vertuous,
And dare not blemish a white faith, [illegible] blood
My sound heart of dishonor [illegible]
Pardon my bold defence, my vertue bleeds
By your much easinesse, and I am compell'd
To break all modest limits, and to waken
Your memory, (if it be not too [illegible]
To say you have one) with the story of
My fair deservings, who, sir, overthrew
(With his designs) your late ambitious brother,
Hippolito, who like a Meteor threatned
A black and fatal omen.

Du. Twas *Lorenzo*.

Lor. [illegible] yet as just, and say whose are directed
A counterminne to check the pregnant hopes
Of *Salviati*, who for his Cardinals Cap,

In

In *Rome* was potent, and here popular.
Du. None but *Lorenzo.*
Dep. Admirable Traitor?
Lor. Whose service was commended when the exiles
One of whose tribe accuseth me had raised
Commotions in our *Florence* when the hinge
Of State did faint under the burthen, and
The people sweat with their own fears, to think
The Souldier should inhabit their calm dwellings?
Who then rose up your safety, and crush'd all
Their plots to ayre?
Du. Our dear Cousin *Lorenzo,*
Lor. When he that should reward, forgets the men
That purchas'd his security, 'tis vertue
To boast a merit with my services
I ha'not starved your treasury, the grand
Captain *Gonzales* accounted to King *Ferdinand,*
Threehundred thousand crowns, for spies, what bills
Have I brought in for such intelligence?
Dep. I grow hearty.
Du. All thy actions
Stand fresh before us, and confirm, thou art
Our best and dearest friend, thus we assure
Our confidence, they love us not that feed
One jealous thought of our dear Cous. *Lorenzo*
New welcome to us all, for you *Alonzo*
Give o're your paper kites, learn wit, 'tis time.
Where shall we meet to night?
Lo. Pardon me sir I am a dangerous man
Du. No more a that
I'll credit my soul with thee, shall we revel
This night with *Amidea*?
Dep. The *Duke* courts him,
Well go thy ways, for one of the most excellent
Impudent Traitors——
Du. Yet a murmuring
Of a Traitor? we shall sooner suspect him,
That thinks *Lorenzo* guilty.
Dep. I my Lord
Dare boldly swear, his honour is as free——
From any treason, as my self,
I did prophesie this issue.
Du. 'Tis an age

Till night, I long to fold her in my armes,
Prepare *Sciarrah*, but be very wise
In the discovery, he is all touchwood.
Lor. I know he is her brother, leave the managing
Of things to me.
Duk. Still when we expect,
Our bliss, time creeps, but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each sawey hour hath wings.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Sciarrah, *and* Lorenzo.

Sciarrah.

MY Sister, though he be the Duke, he dares not,
Patience, patience, if there be such a vertue,
I want it Heaven, my Sister!
It has thrown wild-fire in my brain *Lorenzo*,
A thousand-furies revel in my skull,
Has he not sins enough in's Court to damn him.
But my Roof must be guilty of new lusts,
And none but *Amidea*? these the honours
His presence brings our House?
Lor. Temper your rage.
Sci. Are all the Brothels rifled? No quaint piece
Left him in *Florence*, that will meet his hot
And valiant Luxury, that we are come
To supply his blood out of our Families?
Diseases gnaw his title off.
Lo. My Lord ——
Sci. He is no Prince of mine, he forfeited
His greatness, that black minute he first gave
Consent to my dishonour.
Lo. Then I'm sorry.
Sci. Why should you be sorry sir?
You say it is my Sister he would strumpet,

Mine,

Mine, *Amidea*? 'tis a wound you feel not,
But it strikes through, and through the poor *Sciarrah*,
I do not think, but all the ashes of
My Ancestors do swell in their dark urnes
At this report, of *Amidea*'s shame:
It is their cause as well as mine, and should
Heaven suffer the Duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must of necessity conspire,
To make an earth-quake in the Temple.
Lo. Sir,
You said you would hear me out.
Sci. Why is there more
Behind?
Lo. And greater, Master, your high blood
Till I conclude *Sciarrah*, I accuse not
Your noble anger, which I have observed,
Is not on every cheap, and giddy motion
Inflam'd, but Sir, be thrifty in your passion,
This is a petty trespass,
Sci. Has mischief any name
Beyond this? will it kill me with the sound?
Lo. My Lord, though the dishonoring your Sister,
Be such a fact, the blood of any other
But *Alexander* could no less then expiate,
Yet this sin stretches farther, and involves
With hers, your greater stain: did you e're promise him?
Yet why do I make any question?
It were another crime, to think *Sciarrah*
Could entertain a thought, so far beneath
His birth, you stoop to such a horrid baseness,
Then all the vertue of mankind would sicken,
And soon take leave of earth.
Sci. You torture me.
Lor. What then could the Duke find, to give him any
Encouragement you would be guilty of
And act, so fatal unto honor,
Sci. To what?
Lor. Though all the teeming glories of his Duke dome,
Nay *Florence* State offered it self a bribe,
Yet to imagine, you
Would turne officious pander to his lust,
And interpose the mercenary bawd

To Court your Sister to his sinful coupling:
'Tis horrid, affrights nature, I grow stiff
With the imagination.

Sci. Hah!

Lor. Yet this was his command I should impose.

Sci. *Lorenzo.*
I am not what I was,
My soul is but one flame,
My breath is hot enough
To thaw the *Alpes.*

Lor. Your fancy would
Transport you.

Sci. 'Tis my rage, but let it cool,
And then we'll talk o' something, something sir,
Shall be to purpose.

Lor. Now the flame is mounted,
My Lord, I have given proof, although he be
My Duke and Kinsman, I abhor his vices;
'Tis policy in Princes, to create
A Favorite, who must bear all the guilt
Of things ill manag'd in the State, if any
Design be happy, 'tis the Princes own.
Heavens knows, how I have counsell'd this young man;
By vertue to prevent his fate, and govern
With modesty: O the religious days
Of Common-wealths!
We have out-liv'd that blessing.

Sci. But I have thought a cure for this great state
Impostume. *Lor.* What?

Sci. To lance it, is't not ripe?
Let's draw cuts, whether your hand or mine
Shall do an act for *Florence* liberty,
And send this Tyrant to another world.

Lo. How, I draw cuts?

Sci. Toy it not thus *Lorenzo,*
But answer, by the name and birth you are
His Kinsman;
And let me tell you more:
We know, you but disguise your heart, and wish
Florence would change her tile.

Lo. How is this?

Sci. We know you have firm correspondence with
The banisht men, whose desperate fortunes wait

Your call to tumult, in our streets, all this,
Not to feed your ambition with a Dukedome,
By the remove of *Alexander*, but
To serve your Countrey, and create their peace,
Who groan under the Tyranny of a proud,
Lascivious Monarch, is't not true *Lorenzo*?
My phrase is blunt my Lord.

Lo. My Genius
And thine are friends, I see they have conversed
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars,
That made me for his Friendship, who preserves
The same religious fire, let this secret be
An argument, how much I dare repose
Upon *Sciarrah's* honor,
I'll either live, in your exchange of faith
A Patriot, or die my Countries Martyr.

Sci. Thou hast a fire beyond *Prometheus*.

Lo. Heaven knows I've no particular design
To leap into a Throne, let me advance
Our liberty, restore the ancient Laws
Of the republick, rescue from the jaws
Of lust, your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—

Sci. Sisters!

Lor. From horrid Rape, poor *Anidea*.

Sci. I am resolv'd, by all that's blest, he dies
The roof he would dishonour with his lust
Shall be his tombe, bid him be confident,
Conduct him good *Lorenzo*, I'll dispose
My house for this great scene of death.

Lo. Be constant.

Exeunt.

Enter Florio, *and his Sister* Anidea.

Flo. Now brother, what news brings the great *Lorenzo*?

Sci. Let me have truce vexation for some minutes,
What news? preferments, honours, offices,
Sister, you must to Court?

An. Who, I to Court?

Sci. Or else the Court will come to you, the Duke
Hath sent already for us *Anidea*. Is she not fair,
Exceeding beautiful, and ravishing *Florio*?
Look on her well, methinks she should turn Poet,
And make her a more excellent piece when he enjoys her.
Let not fond Men hereafter editions downe

They most admire, by fetching from the Stars
Or flowers their glory of similitude;
But from thy self the rule to know all beauty,
These are the Duke's own Raptures, *Amidea*,
His own Poetick flames, an argument
He loves my Sister.

Ami. Love me?

Sci. Infinitely,
I am in earnest, he employ'd *Lorenzo*,
No meaner Person in this Embassie,
You must to Court, Oh happiness!

Ami. For what?

Sci. What do great Ladies do at Court, I pray?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous Lords, and a thousand more
Delights, which private Ladies never think of;
But above all,
The Duke himself shall call thee his.

Ami. You make me wonder,
Pray speak that I may understand.

Sci. Come, come, I find your cunning;
The news does please, the rolling of your eye
Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush
Through this white veil upon your cheek, you wo'd
Have it confirm'd, you shall, the Duke himself
Shall swear he loves you.

Am. Love me? why?

Sci. To Court,
And ask him; be not you too peevish now,
And hinder all our fortune; I ha' promis'd him
To move you for his ends, as I am
Sciarrab, and your brother, mean ha' sent
Word to him by *Lorenzo*, that you should
Meet his high flame, in plain *Italian* honour,
Love him, and———

Ami. What for heaven, be the Duke's whore?

Sci. No, no, his Mistress, Command and Mistress,
Ami. Give up my Virgin-honour to his lust?

Sci. You may give it a better name, dignity,

Ami. I do mistake you, by Them, the Duke,

Sci. No, no, my meaning is so broad, you cannot.

Ami. I would I did then, 'tis not possible

That this ſhould be a dream? where did you drop
Your vertue Sir? *Florio*, why move you not?
Why are you ſlow to tell this man? for ſure
'Tis not *Sciarrah*, he hath talk ſo ill,
And ſo much, that may have the cauſe to fear,
The Ayr about's infected.
Flo. Are not you
My brother?
Sci. Be not you a Fool, to move
Theſe empty queſtions, but joyn to make her
Supple, and pliant for the Duke.
No matter for the talk of muſty people,
Look up to the Reward, thou art young and skill'd
In theſe Court temptings, naturally ſoft,
And moving, I am rough-hewn, aſſiſt, wo't,
With ſome queint Charm, to win her to this game?
Flo. My Siſter? *Sci.* Ay, ay.
Ami. Come not near him *Florio*,
'Tis not *Sciarrah*, ſure my brothers Nurſe
Play'd the Impoſtor, and with ſome baſe Iſſue
Cheated our Houſe.
Sci. Gipſie, uſe better language,
Or I'll forget your Sex.
Flo. Offer to touch her
With any rudeneſs, and by all that's vertuous ———
Sci. Why how now Boy?
Flor. I do not fear your Sword,
This with my Youth, and Innocence, is more
Defence than all thy armory, what Devil
Has crept into thy Soul? *Sci.* You'll not help?
Flor. Ile rather kill thee.
Sci. 'Tis very well,
Have you conſidr'd better o'the matter? *Ami.* Yes.
Sci. And what's your reſolve
Ami. To have my name
Stand in the Ivorie Regiſter of Virgins,
When I am dead, before one factious thought
Should lurk within me to betray my Fame,
To ſuch a blot, my hands ſhall mutiny,
And boldly with a Poniard teach my heart
To weep out a repentance.
Sci. He embraces 'em,

My excellent chast sister, *Floria*
Thou hast my soul, I did but try your Vertues,
'Tis truth the *Duke* does love thee, vitiously,
This night he means to revel at our house,
The *Tarquin* shall be entertained; he shall. *Enter a Servt.*
Serv. My Lord, *Pisano* is come.
Sci. Look up Sister
And shine with thy own smiles, *Pisano*'s come,
Pisano thy contracted, honour'd Friend:
Enter Pisano, *Cosmo*, Eroder.
Welcome all,
But you above the rest, my brother shortly. *Embrace him.*
Sister and *Florio* entertain your noble
Freinds, some few minute, I am absent, we
Must not forget to prepare for the *Duke*'s coming,
Ile soon return. *Exit.*
Ami. You are not chearfull Sir.
How is't my Lord? you were not wont to look
So sad when you came hither
Pis. I am not well *Amidea*. *Am.* Oh, my heart.
Pis. Be you
Comforted Lady, let all griefs repair
To this, their proper Centur.
Flor. Sir how fare you?
Pis. Altr'd of late a little, I wou'd *Scivlia* with me come back.
Fred. I might ha' finish'd ere he went, and not
Delay'd his business much, two or three words,
And I had dispatch'd.
Am. How Sir? your language is
Another then you use to speak, you look not
With the same brow upon me.
Pis. Madam, I am come to render all my interest in your love,
And to demand my self again. I've begger
In other Choice. *Am.* Ha!
Pis. Here's witness, all is cancel'd betwixt us,
Nay, and you weep —— Farewell, nigh of Virgin
Ami. He's gone.
Pis. Now lead me to my blessing. *Exeunt.*
Flor. Shall a long suit and speeding with his love
With the worlds notice, and a generall fame

Of Contract too, just in the Instant when
A Marriage is expected, he broke off
With Infamy to our House.

Am. Brother, If ever you lov'd poor *Amidea*, let not this
Arrive *Sciarrha's* Ear; there's danger in
His knowledge of it, this may be a Tryal of my Affection.

Flo. A Tryal; No, It shewed too like a Truth.

Am. My Tears intreat your silence.

Flo. You have Power to command it, dry your Eyes then,
He's return'd.

Enter Sciarrha.

Sci. How now, Weeping? Where is *Pisano* and his Friends?

Flo. They'r gone, Sir. *Sci.* Ha!

Am. Guess by my Eyes, you may, something of Sorrow hath befaln.
No sooner you were departed, but some strange Distemper
Invaded him; we might discern a change
In's Countenance: And though we pray'd him to
Repose with us, he would strait back again;
So with *Cosmo* he return'd.

Flo. The alteration was strange and suddain.

Sci. 'Las noble Gentleman,—— but come, clear up
Your Face again, we hope it won't last;
Look bright again, I say, I ha' given order——

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord the Duke's already come

Sci. Remove, Good *Amidea*, and reserve thy Person
To Crown his Entertainment, be not seen yet. *Exit Am.*

Enter Duke Lorenzo, Alonzo, *Attendants.*

Du. Sciarrha, we are come to be your Guest.

Sci. Your Highness doth an Honour to our House.

Du. But, where's thy Sister, she must bid us wellcome.

Sci. She is your Grace's Handmaid.

Du. For this Night, Let the whole World conspire to our delight.
Lorenzo—— *Whisper.*

Lor. Sir be confident——and perish.

Enter Morosa, *and* Oriana, *in the Garden, and Servant.*

Mor. Pray give access to none,—yet if *Pisano*
Enquire, direct him to the Garden, *Cosmo* *Exit Servant.*
Is young, and promising, but while *Lorenzo*
Lives, must expect no Sun-shine.

Enter Pisano, Cosmo, *Servant.*

Pis. There's for thy pains. *Exit Servant.*
They are now at opportunity.

Cos. My Lord,
Do you prepare the Mother, and let me close with *Oriana.*

Pis. What Service can reward thee?

Cos. Take occasion to leave us private, This Hour be
Propitious, win but the Mother to you.

Pis. She is prepared already.
Cos. Lose no time, take the other walk. *Exit Pis. & Mor.*
Ori. My dear *Cosmo*.
Cos. My best *Oriana*.
Ori. You have been too much absent, I must chide you.
Cos. You cannot sweet, I would I knew which way to make thee
Angry: Yes, that I might see how well it would become thee.
Ori. You will make me angry.
Cos. But you will love me still, I fear.
Ori. D'ye fear it? I'st a misfortune?
Cos. What? *Ori.* My Love.
Cos. We may love too well, and that's a fault.
Ori. Not where the Object's good.
Cos. O yes; Always beware of the extreams.
Ori. What mean you? I affect none but my *Cosmo*, nor him with too
much Flame.
Cos. If you should Lady, 'twere not nobly done.
Ori. To love another?
Cos. Yes, if there be cause, that may be call'd a Vertue.
Ori. So we should be inconstant.
Cos. Why not, if our reason be convinc'd.
Let us examine all the Creatures, read
The Book of Nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same: Why then
Should our Desires, that are so nimble, and
More Subtle than the Spirits in our Blood,
Be such staid Things within us, and not share
Their natural Liberty, shall we admit a change in smaller Things,
And not allow it in what most of all concerns us?
Ori. What? *Cos.* Our Loves.
Ori. Have you a suspition I am changed, and thus would
School me for it; or shall I imagine that you are alter'd.
Cos. Yes, I am, and therefore proclaim thy Freedome,
I do love thee less, To shew I love thee more. *Ori.* What riddle's this?
Cos. 'Tis none. I have found I am not worthy of thee,
Therefore come to make thee satisfaction for my Crime
Of loving thee, by pointing out a way,
And Person, will become thy Affection better.
What dost think of brave *Pismo*, shall his Merit plead
Succession in thy chast Thoughts?
Ori. I know him.
Cos. Thou can'st not chuse; and I could study none
Worthy thy love, but him.
Ori. 'Tis very likely you would resign them?
Cos. Ay, to honour thee.
His Service will deserve thee at the best,
And a chest value.

Ori. Why it shall be so.
Cos. Nay but be serious, and declare me happy
That I may say, I have made thee just amends.
Ori. Why sir I do love him.
Cos. But dost thou love him perfectly, with a
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage
Are past, to meet him in thy bed, and call him
Thy Husband?
Ori. Pray tell me;
But truly, I beseech you, do you wish
Pisano mine indeed? or, are you jealous,
And name him to accuse me?
Cos. Not by goodness;
But if there be a charm beyond thy innocense,
By that I would conjure thee *Oriana*,
Love him and make three happy, it shall be
My bliss to call you his, let me but own
A servant in your memory.
Ori. Unkind,
And cruel *Cosmo*, dost thou think it possible,
I can love any but thy self? thou wilt
Undo my heart for ever.

Enter Pisano *and* Morosa.

Mor. You shall be
Ever most welcome, if I be her Mother,
She must declare obedience, *Oriana*——
Cos. Go chearfully, thy Mother calls,
Alas poor Lady,
I half repent me, since she is so constant:
But a friends life weighs down all other love;
Beside, I thus secure my Fate, *Lorenzo*
Threatens my spring, he is my enemy.
Ori. You'l not compel affection?
Pis. No, but Court it
With honour, and religion.
Mor. I shall forget the nature of a Parent,
Unless you shew more softness, and regard
To what is urged, what promise could you make
To *Cosmo*, without me? or if you had——
Cos. Here *Cosmo* doth give up all title to it,
I have no part in *Oriana* now.

Ori. I've heard too much, do with me what you please,
I am all passive, nothing of my self,
But an Obedience to Unhappiness. *Exit.*
Cos. Follow her *Pisano.*
Pis. Thou'rt all Friendship.
Cos. Trace their warm steps, Virgins Resolves are weak.
Leave not her Eyes, until you see Day break. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Depazzi *and* Rogero.

Depazzi. ROgero?
Rogero. My Lord.
Dep. Make fast the Chamber-door, stiffe the Key-hole, and the Crannies, I must discourse of secret Matters, dost thou smell nothing, *Rogero*? ha?
Ro. Smell? not any thing, my Lord, to offend my Nostril.
Dep. Come hither, what do the people talk abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the Point, what do they say?
Ro. Faith, my Lord, they say that you are——
Dep. They lie, I am not; they are a lowsy, impudent multitude; a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am——
Ro. A noble Gentleman, a just and discreet Lord, and one that deserv'd to have his Honours without money.
Dep. Oh is that it? I thought the Rabble would have said, I had been a Traytor, I am half mad certainly e're since I consented to *Lorenzo*; 'tis a very hard condition, that a Man must lose his Head, to recompence the procuring of his Honours: What if I discover him to the Duke, ten to one, if *Lorenzo* come but to speak, his Grace won't ha' the grace to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of all atother side: 'tis safest to be a Traytor, hum, who is that you whisper'd to? *Ro.* I whisper?
Dep. Marry did you, Sirrah? *Ro.* Not I, good faith, my Lord.
Dep. Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah, I smell a Rat behind the Hangings: Here's no body, ha? Are there no Trunks to convey secret Voices?
Ro. Your Lordship has a pair on. *Dep.*

Dep. I do not like that Face i'th' Arras, a my Conscience he points at me; a Pox upon this Treason, I have no stomack to't, I do see my self upon a Scaffold, making a pitiful Speech already, I shall ha' my head cut off, seven years ago I laid my head upon a wager, I remember, and lost it; let me see; it shall be so, 'tis good policy to be arm'd, *Rogero*, imagin I were a Traytor.

Rog. How, Sir?

Dep. I but say imagin, we may put the Case, and that I were apprehended for a Traytor.

Ro. Heaven defend.

Dep. Heaven has something else to do, than to defend Traytors: I say, Imagin I were brought to the Bar.

Ro. Good my Lord, you brought to the Bar?

Dep. I will beat you, if you won't imagin at my bidding: I say, suppose I now were at the Bar to answer for my Life.

Ro. Well, Sir.

Dep. Well, Sir, that's as it happens; you must Imagin I will answer the best I can for my self: conceive, I prithee, that these Chairs were Judges, most grave and venerable Beards and Faces at my Arraignment, and that thy self wert in the Name of the Duke and State to accuse me; what couldst thou say to me?

Ro. I, accuse your good Honour? for what, I beseech you?

Dep. For High-Treason, you Blockhead.

Ro. I must be acquainted with some Particulars first.

Dep. Mass, thou sayst right: why imagin, d'ye hear? you must but imagin, that some great Man had a Conspiracy against the Duke's person, and that I being an honest Lord, and one of this great Man's Friends, had been drawn in; for that's the plain truth on't, 'twas against my will, but that's all one: Well, thou understandst me, shew thy wit *Rogero*, scratch thy nimble *Pericranium*, and thunder out my Accusation *extempore*: Here I stand Signior *Depazzi*, to answer the Indictment.

Ro. Good my Lord, it will not become me, being your humble Servant.

Dep. Humble Coxcomb, is't not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerk me soundly to the quick, *Rogero*, tickle me, as thou lov'st thy Lord; I do defie thee, spare me not, and the Devil take thee if thou beest not malicious.

Ro. Why then have at you: First, Signior *Depazzi*, Thou art Indicted of High-Treason, Hold up thy Hand, Guilty, or not Guilty?

Dep. Very good.

Ro. Nay, very bad Sir; Answer, I say, Guilty or not Guilty?

Dep. Not Guilty.

Ro. 'Tis your best course to say so. Well, Imagin ——— I rise up the Duke's most learned in the Laws, and his nimble tongu'd Orator, have at your Signior.

Dep. Come, come on Sir, here I stand.

Ro. I will prove thou liest in thy Throat, if thou denieſt thy Treason, and so I addreſs my ſelf to the moſt underſtanding ſeats of Juſtice. Moſt wiſe, moſt honourable, and moſt uncorrupt Judges, ſleep not, I beſeech you, my Place hath call'd me to plead in the behalf of my Prince and Country, againſt this notable, this pernicious, and impudent Trayter, who hath plotted and contrived ſuch high, heinous and horrible Treaſons, as no Age nor Hiſtory hath ever mention'd the like. Here he ſtands, whoſe Birth I will not touch, becauſe its altogether unknown who begot him. He was brought up among the ſmall Wares in the City, became Rich by ſiniſter and indirect Practices, married a Merchant's Wife at adventures, and was ſoon after advanc'd to be a Head Officer.

Dep. Why, you Raſcal.

Ro. Peace, Sirrah, peace; nay, your Lordſhips ſhall find him very audacious: This Fellow, not content to have his Branches ſpread within the City, I ſpeak into his Face, let him deny it, was afterward, by the corruption of his Confederate, and the meer grace of his Highneſs, raiſed to Honour, received infinite Favours from his Prince of bleſſed memory; yet, like a Wretch, a Villain, a Viper, a Rat of *Nilus*, he hath practiſed Treaſons againſt the ſacred perſon of the Duke: for which he deſerveth not only to die, but alſo to ſuffer Tortures, Whips, Racks, Strapadoes, Wheels, and all the fiery brazen Bulls that can be invented, as I ſhall make it appear to this honourable and illuſtrious Court.

Dep. This Rogue's transported.

Ro. With all my heart, I obey your Lordſhips ——— Thus then I paſs from theſe Circumſtances, and proceed to the principal Villanies that we have to lay to his charge. *Imprimis*, Thou Signior *Deparzi* didſt offer to a Groom a 100 Crowns to poyſon his Highneſs hunting Saddle.

Dep. Did I?

Ro. Do not interrupt me, Varlet, I will prove it, his hunting Saddle, and we ſhall be unto thy breech therefore; and finding this ſerpentine Treaſon broken in the ſhell, do but lend your reverend Ears to his next deſigns, I will cut 'em off preſently. This Irreligious, nay, Atheiſtical Trayter, did wiſh his own hands poyſon the Duke's Prayer Book, oh Impiety! And had his Highneſs, as in ſoome times he accuſtomed, but pray'd once in a month, which by ſpecial grace he omitted, how fatal

fatal had it been to *Florence*? But as by Justice his Excellence did then, and by his own want of devotion, prevent this Assassinates purpose, so we hope in his own Discretion, and the Council of his State, he will take heed how he prays hereafter while he lives, to which every true Subject will say, Amen.

Dep. May it please your Honors——

Ro. That impudent, brazen-faced Traytor, wilt thou deny it? Moreover, and like your good Lordships, he hath for this Fortnight, or Three Weeks before his Apprehension, walk'd up and down the Court with a Case of Pistols charg'd, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send the Duke to Heaven with a powder.

Dep. This Rogue will undo the Devil at Invention, may it please his Honourable——

Ro. These are but sprinklings of his Treason.

Dep. Will you justifie this? Did I any of these things, you Tadpole?

Ro. Hold your self contented, my Lord, he that is brought to the Bar in case of Treason, must look to have more objected than he can answer, or any Man is able to justify.

Dep. I confess, and please your good Lordships.

Ro. Mark, he will confess.

Dep. That's the way to be sent of an headless Errand; indeed I confess that I never intended any Treason to his Highness, nor ever sought the Prince's Life: true it is, that I heard of a Conspiracy.

Ro. That, that, my Lord, hath overthrown him; he saith, he never sought the Prince's Life, *Ergo*, he sought his Death. Besides, he hath heard of Treason, now he that heareth, and discovereth not, is equally guilty in Fact: For in Offences of this Nature, there are not Accessaries; *ergo*, he is a Principal, and being a Principal Traitor, he deserveth Condemnation.

Dep. Shall I not speak?

Ro. No, Traitors must not be suffered to speak, for when they have leave, they have Liberty, and he that is a Traitor deserveth to be close Prisoner.

Dep. All that this Fellow hath uttered, is false and forged, abominable Lies.

Ro. I will speak Truth, and I will be heard, and no man else in this place.

Dep. I never dream'd of a hunting Saddle, nor never had so much as a thought of any Prayer Book.

Ro. You sit here to do Justice, I speak for the Duke and the safety of the Common-wealth.

Dep. As for Pistols, 'tis well known I could never indure the report on 'em, I defie Powder and Shot, as I do him that accuseth me.

Ro. I defie all the world that will hear a Traitor speak, for himself, 'tis against the Law which provides that no Man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himself, being a Traitor, doth defend his treason, thou art a Capital obstreperous Malefactor.

Dep. Thou art a Mad-man.

Ro. Go to, you have play'd the fool too much.

Dep. Thou continual motion cease, a pox upon thee hold thy tongue.

Ro. The pox won't serve your turn.

Dep. Why then this shall. *Beats him.*

Ro. Hold, hold, good my Lord, I am sensible I ha done, imagine I ha done, I but obey'd your Lordship, whose batoon I find stronger than my imagination, my Lord, you'll answer this to strike i'the Court thus?

Dep. I am as weary ———— heark *Rogero* *Knocks.*

One knocks, see, see, there's to make thee amendends, see good *Rogero*, and say nothing, pray Heaven it be not Pursevant.

Enter Petruchio, *with a Letter.*

Ro. *Petruchio*, my Lord, *Pisanoes* Secretary.

Dep. But *Lorenzo's* Engine a very knave.

Pet. My very good Lord.

Dep. What's here? It can be no goodness. *Reads,*

My Lord, I would not have you go to Bed to night, he won't let me sleep now, I dreamt as much, something will be done to give Florence *liberty: In the depth of night you may cunningly disperse some rumours in the City, that the Duke is dead, the people must be distracted, in the common fright be not you wanting in your Person to ease their fears, and speak well of* Lorenzo, *speak well of the* Divel: *My humble service to your* Lord, *and say he has power to command me in all things.*

Pet. My Very good Lord.

Dep. No matter and you were both hang'd; *Rogero*, she him the Wine-sellar: Let me see, I must report the Duke's death, I can't abide this word Death, yet he desires me but to report it; hum, if it be false? why so much the better; there will be the less harm in't; if it should prove true, they will believe me another time: Well, I will drink my self half drunk, and be fortified.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Duke, Amidea, Lorenzo, Sciarrha, Florio, &c.

Du. Sciarrha, you exceed in Entertainment,
Banquet our Eyes too.

Lo. He will feast all Senses.

Sci. Only a toy, my Lord, I cannot call't
A Mask, not worthy of this presence, yet
It speaks the freedom of my Heart, and gratitude
For this great honour.

Du. Amidea must sit near us.

Sci. Lords your places, t'wo' not be
Worth half this Ceremony, let 'em begin.

Enter Lust, richly apparrell'd, the Pleasures attending.

Du. Who's the Presenter?

Sci. Lust, Sir, pray observe.

Lust. *Now let Lust possess the Throne*
Of Love, and rule in Hearts alone:
You sweet Tempters to my Sin,
Beauty, Smiles, and Kisses win
Upon frail Mortals, let them know
There is no Happiness, but you
Shoot no Arrows tipp'd with Lead,
Each Shaft hath his golden head:
Call on Love, delude Men still,
Through the Flesh, the Spirits kill,
Nor spend all your Art to take
Common Persons, Greatness make
By your potent Charms to be
Subjects unto Hell and me,
Inflame but King with loose desire,
Ye soon set all the World on fire.

Enter a young Man in rich Habit and Crown'd.

Du. What's he?

Sci. A wild young Man that follows Lust;
He has too much Blood it seems.

Du. Why looks he black?

Sci. There is a thing call'd Death that follows him
With a large train of Furies.
Hang his Conscience, it troubles him too much.

Lo. This is too plain.

Sci. He does not tremble yet; mid-lull [illegible] *Aside.*
By-an-by, Sir, you shall see all his Tormentors
Join with 'em, there's the sport on't.

Le. Methinks they
Should have been fresh for th' Antimask.
Sci. Oh no!
In Hell they do not stand upon the method,
As we at Court,
Sister you do ill,
To keep the Duke in talk, he cannot be
The Divel for you.

[*The Furies join in the Dance, and to the end, carry the young Man away.*

How does your Highness like this dance?
Du. My eyes so feasted here, I did not mind it,
But I presume 'twas handsome.
Sci. Oh the Lethargy
Of Princes! we ha' kept you, Sir, from bed:
More lights.
Du. Good night to all, to you the best:
Sciarrha bind us ever by performance.
Sci. We are all yours.
Du. And *Florence* thine, once more——
Brightest of Ladies. *Le.* You are firm!
Sci. Suspect not. [*Exeunt all but* Amidor *and* Flora.

Fla. I do not like my Brother's Moral Mask,
The Duke himself was personated, I
Wonder it did not startle him.
Am. I hope
Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that.
Did promise, he's return'd, his looks are full [*Enter* Sciarrha.
Of threatning.
Sci. Amidor, go not to bed,
And yet no matter, I can do't alone:
Take both your rest, I and in your Pretyes committed
The Duke to Heaven, 'tis Charity, I have made
His Will already, and bequeath'd this Body
To you, Sister, pity his Soul for't, 'tis now
Within few Minutes of departing. *Am.* How?
Sci. Why this was I much pray him in his Chamber
To bring his flesh a-bed.
Am. You wo'not kill him.
Sci. I am not of your mind.
Am. I know you cannot.

Sci. You are not studied so perfect in
His destiny, I hope, I will endure——

Am. To kill your Prince?

Flo. What, here? *Sci.* No, in his Chamber.

Am. Shall it be read in Stories of our *Florence*,
Sciarrha first did stain his Family
With such a Treason?

Flo. Was he not invited? *Sci.* Yes, by his Lust.

Flo. And in your crowned Tables,
And Hospitality will you murder him?

Sci. Yes, and the reason wherefore he was murder'd,
Shall justifie the Deed to all Posterity,
He came to wrong my Sister,

Flo. Wanton heat,
Let youthful Blood excuse him.

Sci. So it must.

Flo. Mistake me not, oh think but who he is,
The Duke, that word must needs awake your piety.

Am. How will good Men in this remembrance
Abhor your Cruelty, that send to hell
One with the weight of all his Sins upon him.

Sci. It is too late to cool with Argument
My incensed Blood; will you go daily with him?
I ha' gone
So far in promise, if you clasp not with him,
It will be dangerous if he out-live
This night.

Am. I ha' thought on't, send him to my Bed. *Sci.* Ha!

Am. Do not question what I purpose, Heaven
Witness to my chaste thoughts.

Sci. Wo't thou trust him?

Am. I will do much, Sir, to preserve his life,
And your innocence: Be not you suspectful,
At the worst, you can but respite your Revenge.

Sci. Dost thou not fear unhappy *Lucrece* chance,
Or wretched *Philomel's* dishonour?

Am. No.
Give me his life, and send your Wanton to me.
I'le to my Chamber, fear me not *Sciarrha*,
Have not one thought so bad, I ha' not prospect
Virgins in Heaven will succor with me. [Exeunt Am. & Flo.

Flo. Trust him.

Sci. 'Tis but deserving of my Justice
She wo'not kill him save [illegible] on her Soul
The guilt she hates in mine. if she do yield
To the hot endeavours Hai: 'twill be just,
That both their Hearts weep Blood, to purge their Lust. [*Exit.*

Enter Florio *and* Amidea.

Flo. My Ponyard?
Am. I've no black Intent.
To stain't with any Blood.
Flo. Take it, I know, thou art my virtuous Sister,
It were wickedness to alter thy purpose,
Or the event. *Am.* Now leave me.
Flo. Thou hast a Guard of Angels.
Am. They are coming. [*Enter* Sciarrha *with* Duke.
Sci. Look, there she is, Sir. *Du.* Dearest *Sciarrha*,
Sci. To your recreation, here
I'le obscure my self. [*Withdraws behind*
Du. Lady, you know me.
Am. Yes, my Princess.
Du. I was so,
Till I saw thee, but I gave up that Title,
A conquest to thy Beauty, which among
Her other Wonders hath created me
A Subject and Servant, and I shall
Be happier to be recall'd yours by
One of those Names, than Duke of *Tuscany*.
Am. Oh! take your self agen, use your Greatness
To make the hearts of *Florence* bow to you,
And pay their Duties thus.
Du. Rise *Amidea*,
And since you have given my Power back, it will
Become me to command. *Am.* And me to obey.
Du. I see thy noble Brother hath bin faithful
To my desires, he has prepar'd thee with
A Story of my Love, which thou rewardst
With too much humbleness. I could dwell ever
Here, and imagine I am in a Temple,
To offer on this Altar of thy Lip, [*Kisses her lips.*
Myriads of flaming Kisses, with a Cloud
Of Sighs breath'd from out my heart,
Which by the fire within would increase in Smoke,
To make my Pay eternal. *Am.* What mean you?

Du. That Question is [illegible] Madam.
Not interrupted me, I should [illegible]
My self upon thy Lips, and quite forgot
There is a Bliss beyond it.
Transform me there to Happiness,
I'll laugh at all the Fables of the Gods,
And teach our Poets, after I know thee,
To write the true *Elizium.*

Am. Good my Lord:
I understand you not, and yet I fear
You do not mean well, if you have brought with you
A sinful Purpose, which I may suspect.

Du. Why, Madam, what do you imagine I
Came hither for?

Am. I know not.

Du. How! Is [illegible] not
Your Brother gave you more [illegible]
Desirous of the Sport, and brought me hither
Ripe for your Dalliance? Did you not expect me?

Am. Yes.

Du. And to what other purpose?

Am. To tell you that you are not virtuous.

Du. I'm of your mind.

Am. But I am not so wicked,
To be of yours: Oh, think but who you are;
Your Title speaks you nearest Heaven, and points
You out a glorious Reign among the Angels:
Do not depose your self of one, and be
Of the other dis-inherited.

Du. I would
Your Brother heard you: Prithee, do not waste
This tedious Divinity; I am
Resolv'd to grapple with you.

Am. Keep off. [*Shews the Poniard.*

Du. Ha!
Turn'd *Amazon!*

Am. Prince, come not too near me;
For, By my Honour, since you have lost your own,
Although I bow in Duty to your Person,
I hate your black Thoughts. Tempt not my just Hand
With violent Approaches; I dare, and will
Do that will grieve you, if you have a Soul.

Du. Thou dar'st not kill me.

Am. True: But I dare die.

Du. Be thy own Murtherer!

Am.

Am. Rather than [illegible]

Du. Thou canst not be [illegible]
To be unchaste. I am [illegible]
Throw by that cruel Weapon; let our [illegible]
Be soft Embraces, shooting amorous [illegible]
Kill and restore each other [illegible]
I know thou canst not be [illegible] so longer
Then I command thee.

Am. I must not obey
To be your Strumpet: Though my blandishes unskilful,
I shall soon feel my [illegible]

Du. I'll not believe [illegible]

Am. Let this deserve your [illegible]
This Crimson River [illegible] from my [illegible]

Du. Hold.

Am. Never: It shall flow; and if this [illegible]
Yield not enough, I'll strike another Vein;
And after that, another, and [illegible]
The murmuring Stream, till through a prodigal Wound
I have drain'd [illegible] This doth weep for you,
And shall extol my Death, if it may reach
You to correct your Blood.

Du. There's so much gone
From me, I cool apace. This Action
Hath shot an Ague through me. *Amidea*,
Pity thy self.

Am. Not till you swear Repentance!
I do not faint yet, 'tis somewhat about,
But I can find a nearer way: This does it.

Du. Contain, I am sorry, sorry from my Soul.
Trust me, I do bleed inward, *Amidea*,
Can answer all thy Drops. Oh, pardon me:
Thou faint'st already; Dost not?
Look to thy Wound. *Am.* May I believe you, Sir?

Du. I dare not think awry: Again I ask
Forgiveness. In thy Innocence I see
My own Deformity.

Enter Sciarrha, *half-naked*, Amidea. *Enter* Florio.

Sci. Now a thousand blessings
Reward thy Goodness; thou deserv'st a Statue,
A tall one. But apply
Balsams into thy Wound. *Florio*, [illegible]
And now, my Lord———

Du.

Du. Sciarrha, I'll begin to believe I had
I brought Intentions of Dishonour to thee,
And thy fair Sister; but I am reconcil'd
To Virtue, and will study how to satisfie
For you and *Florence*.

Sci. You will be more precious,
Than had you never fallen: Fear all Joy
In your Conversion.

Du. Is *Lorenzo* asleep?

Sci. Lorenzo! I think he has not said his Prayers yet!
But———

Du. What!

Sci. I cannot tell, may be he does not sleep.

Du. How?

Sci. My Lord, you now are lawful,
'Twere better you'd forget him, he's not right
At Heart, I fear.

Du. Fear nothing.

Sci. To be plain,
You cherish your Disease in him, and are
Not safe while he is near you.

Du. Do not envy him.

Sci. Then I must tell you, Sir, he is a Traytor,
Within my Knowledge, hath conspir'd your Death.

Du. With whom?

Sci. With me: I should ha' kill'd you, Sir,
This Night; and every Minute he expects
To hear you number'd with the Dead: I can
Demonstrate this: Your Pardon: But, in truth,
The Injuries you meant us, were severe;
And he, with as much Violence, did urge 'em
To your Destruction. But your Piety
Hath charm'd my Purpose, and I look upon you
With new Obedience.

[*Enter Florio.*

Du. Possible!

Sci. We wo' not shift the Scene, till you believe it.
Florio, intreat my Lord *Lorenzo* hither:
Step but behind the Arras, and your Ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest Prey to living.
Observe but when I tell him, you are slain;
How he'll rejoice, and call me *Florence* great
Preserver; lock my Arm, that to your Blood
Hath given one greeting, into a liberty.
Then trust *Sciarrha* but, observe, I hear him.

[*Enter Lorenzo.*

Lo. Where is my Master? *Du.* 'Tis done———

Lo. What? Good Sciarrha? *Sci.* The Duke is dead.

La. We are not left [illegible]
Heaven is more kind to [illegible]
Sci. With this [illegible]
I made a Passage for his [illegible]
La. Defend,
Omnipotence! What, [illegible] And [illegible]
Scinarba! How my [illegible]
Sci. Dishonest [illegible]
La. How [illegible] I think he has not [illegible]
I fear you are not [illegible] tell me why
You talk [illegible]
An Army of Heaven [illegible]
Dares be so black [illegible]
His Death! [illegible]
Sci. This is fine Cunning. Why, that Devil is [illegible]
Lorenzo, if he dares deny [illegible]
You [illegible] a Stranger to [illegible]
By your Direction [illegible]
La. I in the Direct! [illegible]
Then let me creep into the Earth, and rise
A Monster to affright Mankind. *Scinarba,* [illegible]
I must abhor thee [illegible] Oh, my Princess [illegible]
My dearest Kinsman! May [illegible]
Treason, Treason [illegible]
Sci. Then my Sword [illegible] *As they draw, the*
Another Witness in [illegible] *Duke interposes.*
Du. Hold.
La. My Royal Lord! [illegible] kill me now
I'ut so much Joy and Peace about me, [illegible]
A Sin to wish my Life beyond this Minute. *Du.* [illegible] say.
Sci. My Lord, we are both [illegible]
That very Smile a Traytor [illegible]
Du. Come, be calm [illegible]
You are too [illegible]
Mistook *Lorenzo.* [illegible]
La. But I hold him [illegible]
I see he made this [illegible]
And I forgive him [illegible]
Cel. The *Duke!* [illegible] Where's the *Duke?*
Cel. My Lord [illegible]
Hath frighted all the City [illegible]

People

People forsake their Beds, and seeking how
To be inform'd, increase the wretched Tumult.
Alon. There's nothing but Confusion: All Men tremble,
As if some general Fire invaded *Florence*.
Sci. Have Comfort, Sir. *Du.* What's to be done?
Lo. *Deguzzi* has remembred,
My Lord, there is no Safety for the State,
Unless you personally appease 'em. *Du.* How?
Lo. I hope they'll tear him: Would he were dead any way.
Alon. He hath counsell'd well.
Ces. Your Presence only hath the power to charm 'em.
Du. I fear their Rage: Where is our Guard?
Alonzo, haste afore, proclaim Our Pardon,
And that We live to give the Offenders Mercy.
Why are We born to Greatness, mock'd with State,
When every Tumult staggers Our proud Fate?
Sci. Our Quarrel is deferr'd, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS Quartus.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lo. MY Plots thrive not, my Engines all deceive me.
Are there
No faithful Villains left in Nature? All
Turn'd honest! Man nor Spirit aid *Lorenzo*!
Who hath not Patience to expect his Fate,
But must compel it! How *Sciarrha* play'd
The Dog-bolt wo' me! And had not I provided
In Wisdom for him, that Distress had ruin'd me.
His frozen Sister *Amidea* too
Hath half converted him; but I must set
New Wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his Stalk,
Ripe for my Vengeance: I'll not trust the Rabble.
Confusion on the giddy Multitude,
That but two Minutes e'er the *Duke* came at 'em,
Bellow'd out Liberty, shook the City with
Their Throats; no sooner saw him, but they melted
With the hot Apprehension of a Gallows.
Sudden Rot
Consume this base Herd: And the Devil want
Any Cattle for his own Teeth, these are for him. [*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Sciarrha, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Lo. Sciarrha! Come near—you understand; admit him. [*Ex. Ser.*

Welcome, my noble Lord; [*Enter* Sciarrha.

You were not wont to visit me. *Sci.* Nor mean ever to do't again.

Lo. You bring Frowns.

I can be sullen too—What is your pleasure? *Sc.* You have abus'd me.

Lo. You have injur'd me. *Sci.* In what?

Lo. Betray'd me basely to the *Duke*.

Sci. You deny'd then you were a Traytor.

Lo. Yes: I was no Fool, to run my Neck upon

The Axe, and give you such a Cause of Triumph.

Were it again in question——

Sci. Y'are a Villain, Sir;

And I must have it certified under your own Hand,

To shew the Duke.

Lo. You shall be humbled to

Confess the contrary; nay, subscribe

That I am honest, and desire my Pardon.

Look, I have a Sword, and Arm, and Vigour;

Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a Whirl-wind;

Provoke the on a Rock, in Waves, in Fire;

And kill thee without Scruple: Such a Strength

Is Innocence.

Sci. Innocence! Dost not fear a Thunder-bolt?

I shall be charitable to the World, and I

Cut thee in pieces.

Didst not thou rail upon the *Duke*?

Lo. I grant it. *Sci.* Call him a Tyrant?

Lo. More I do confess;

I did exasperate you to kill or murder him;

Give it what Name you please: With Joy I brought him,

Under the colour of your Guest, to be

The common Sacrifice. All this I remember.

But is Heaven's Stock of Mercy spent already,

That Sins, though great and horrid, may not be

Forgiven to the Heart that groans with Penitence?

Are the Eternal Fountains quite seal'd up?

I was a Villain, Traytor, Murderer,

In my Consenting to his Death; but hope

Those Stains are now wash'd off.

Sci. Hast thou repented? *Lo.* Trust me, I have.

Sci. The Devil is turn'd religious.

Lo. As he was

A lust-

A lustful Duke, a Tyrant, I had lost him:
In his Return to Piety: He commanded
My Prayers, and fresh Obedience to wait on him.
He's now my Prince again.

Sci. This is but Cunning, to save your Life. { *Enter divers Gentleman arm'd.*

Lo. My Life! Within there, ha? Welcome.

1. My gracious Lord.

2. Will's please your Honour,
Command my Service?

3. Or me? 4. Or any?

5. Our Swords and Lives are yours.

Sci. Perhaps your Lordship hath some Business
With these Gentlemen: I'll take some other time.

Lo. By no means, good *Sciarrha*:
You visit seldom, those are daily with me;
Men that expect Employment, that wear Swords,
And carry Spirits, both to be engag'd,
If I but name a Cause. Gentlemen, Draw.

Sci. My Providence has betray'd me.

Lo. Now, *Sciarrha*, you that with single Valour dare come home
To affront me thus; Know, but too late, thy Heart
Is at the Mercy of my Breath; these Swords
Can fetch it when I please; and to prevent
Your Boast of this great Daring: I beseech,
As you do love and honour your *Lorenzo*,
No Hand advance a Weapon; sheath again,
And leave us: I owe Service to your Loves,
But must not so dishonour you.

All Gentl. We obey. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Sci. They're gone: This is some Nobleness.

Lo. You see
I do not fear your Sword, alone I have
Too much Advantage; yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this Rashness:
But in my Fear to offend gracious Heaven
With a new Crime, having so late obtain'd
My Peace, I give you Freedom. *Sci.* Do I dream?

Lo. Pray, chide me still; I will be patient
To hear my Shame.

Sci. Is this to be believ'd?
Doth not *Lorenzo* counterfeit this Vertue?
He does: It is impossible he should repent.

Lo. Why, tell me, *Sciarrha*; and let us argue a while
In cooler Blood. Did not you once resolve
To kill the *Duke* too? *Sci.* I confess——
Lo. To give him Death with your own Hand?
Methinks it should be the same Parricide
In you, if not a greater; yet you chang'd
Your purpose. Why did you not go through,
And murder him? *Sci.* He was converted.
Lo. Good: That taught you Mercy, and perhaps Repentance
For your Intent. *Sci.* It did.
Lo. Why should not, Sir,
The same Conversion of the *Duke* possess
My Heart with as much Piety to him,
And Sorrow for my self? If I should say,
You are but cunning; is this Shape of Honesty?
And still suspect your Soul to be a Traytor?
Might you not blame my Want of Charity?
Sci. He says but right: We are
Both Men, frail things: 'Tis not impossible.
Lo. I am reconcil'd to Heaven already, and the Duke: If you
Be still unsatisfi'd, I am ready, Sir.
Sci. The Circumstance consider'd, I incline
To think this may be honest.
Lo. Come, *Schiarrha*,
We are both hasty:
My Nature is corrected at this Minute:
I'm Friends with all the World; but in your Love
Shall number many Blessings.
Sci. I am converted. [*Enter* Petruchio.
Lo. What's the News?
Pet. My Lord *Depazzi* prays some Conference
In the next Chamber: We arriv'd by chance
Together at your Gate: I do not like his Talk, Sir.
Lo. Hang him, Property, let him
Expect; thou art come i'the Opportunity:
I could have wish'd—Be wise, and second me.
Sci. He waits upon *Pisano*,
Whose Health I may enquire; I ha' not seen him
Since he departed sick: A fit Occasion.
Lo. Married to *Oriana*! Thou mistak'st:
'Tis *Amidea*, Lord *Sciarrha's* Sister.
Pet. That Contract's broken, and the old Lady

Morrosa

Morrosa is violent to have the Marriage
Finished with her Daughter.
Lo. Sciarrha,
Is't true, *Pisano* marries *Oriana*,
The rich *Morrosa*'s Daughter? *Sci.* Ha?
Lo. We did expect to hear your Sister should
Have been his Bride: Has he forsaken *Amidea*?
Sci. Do not you serve *Pisano*? *Pet.* Yes, my Lord.
Sci. And dare you talk he's to be married
To *Oriana*?
Pet. If they live 'till to Morrow:
There's great Provision to my knowledg, and ——
Sci. Take that, and learn to speak a Truth hereafter.
Lo. That Blow, shall cost his Life,
It is not possible he dares affront
You thus; the World takes notice of a Contract.
Pet. I am not to give
Account for my Lord's Actions, let him answer
And justifie his Honour: But, my Lord,
Since I am provoked, I must declare he has
Call'd back his Vows to *Amidea*, given
Her freedom, and does mean to use his own,
And this he dares publish.
Lo. What, disclaim'd a Lady of her Birth and glorious Merit!
Sci. Th'art a Villain.
Lo. My Lord, he is not worth your Anger, he
Declares but what his Master hath committed.
'Tis none of his Fault.
Pet. It becomes my Duty
To take Correction, my Lord, from you.
I am a Servant, a poor Gentleman.
Sci. Shall I suspect the Circumstance at his departure?
Lo. It is strange you knew not this before.
Sci. I must examine, if he dares —— *Lo.* Be patient.
Sci. Teach Fools and Children patience,
The dogs eat up *Sciarrha*,
If *Pisano* out-lives my Sister's Wrongs.
False Heaven, why should thy Altars save?
'Tis just that *Hymen* light him to his Grave. [*Exit.*
Lo. Farewel, dull passionate Fool,
Kill *Pisano*, and be lost thy self; or if his Sword
Conclude thy Life, both ways I am revenge'd.

Petruchio.

Petruchio, thou didst hit my Instructions rarely,
And I applaud thee: Now send in *Depazzi*, and visit me anon.

Pet. I shall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Depazzi *and* Rogero.

Dep. My Lord, I would speak a Word or two in private.

Lo. You may.

Dep. Is no body within hearing? All clear behind the Arras?

Lo. Make no doubt, Sir.

Dep. My Lord, the truth is, I am very fearful: Is your Lordship sure there are no Eves-droppers?

Lo. What needs this Circumstance? I pray come to the point.

Dep. 'Tis not unknown to your Lordship, that you have bin my very good Lord, neither am I ignorant, that I am your humble Servant; you advanc'd me, brought me into the number of the Nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of Crowns: I am not the first wise Citizen that hath bin converted into a foolish Courtier: But, my Lord, I beseech you pardon me: It will out.

Lo. What's the Matter?

Dep. I am ready to burst. *Lo.* With what?

Dep. Treason, Treason, now 'tis out, and I feel my Body the lighter for't already: The last Plot did not take, you see, and I would humbly intreat your Lordship to excuse me, and get some body else hereafter to be your Traytor in my stead.

Lo. How, Sir?

Dep. If you did but know the tenderness of my Constitution, or feel the Pangs and Convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me: I fall away, you see, I cannot sleep for dreaming of an Ax, I have caus'd my hangings of *Holeseruet* to be taken down in my Dining-room, because I dare not look upon a Head that is cut off in it, something of my Complexion: My Wisdom tells me, I am a fool to be so fearful, but my Conscience tells me, I am a greater fool, if I ha' not Wit enough in my Pate, to keep my Head on my Shoulders. I beseech your Lordship, take me into your consideration, I am but a mortal, though I be a Lord; every Man hath not the like Gift of Impudence, I have a weak Stomach, and Treason is Physick to me.

Lo. You will not betray me?

Dep. But, alas! in such a Case, I may soon betray my self, and then your Lordship may soon be shent with it. To prevent therefore some mischief that may happen, I desire to leave off, while I am well, and that your Lordship would deal kindly with me.

I ha'

I ha' brought you all your Letters, I durst not trust any of her place with 'em for fear of State Rats. I have unript my Bosom to you, and there they are to a Tittle——now I may safely swear, I have no hand with your Lordship.

Lo. This is very strange.

Dep. Mistake not, my good Lord, I am still your Creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little while, among the weaker sort of Nobility: Yet thus much persuade your self, I will ne'er wrong your Lordship in a Syllable; should you tell me of a thousand Treasons and Stratagems, I will never reveal any, I scorn that; but your Lordship must pardon me, I will be a Traitor no longer, that's certain; I will be honest, and the rather, because no Body shall hit me in the teeth after I am dead, and say, look where *Depazzi* carries his head very high; and, my Lord, the more to induce your Lordship to dismiss me——*Rogero.*

Ro. My Lord.

Dep. Give me the Gold. I have brought 1500 Crowns more.

Lo. Wherefore?

Dep. That I may have my Lordships good Will, to leave my Office before it be taken from me, and preferr'd to a worse, 'tis half the price I paid for't. I love Peace and a little Honesty. I know your Honour will find an able Man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my *Quietas.*

Lo. And what do you resolve?

Dep. To return to the Dunghill from whence I came, for though I was born in the City, I have some Land in the Country, durty-Acres and Mansion-house, where I will be the Miracle of a Courtier, and keep good Hospitality, love my Neighbours, and their Wives, and consequently get their Children, be admir'd amongst the Justices, sleep upon every Bench, keep a Chaplain in my own House to be my Idolater, and furnish me with Jests; and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the Court, and how much I have bin oblig'd to your Lordship. My Lord, I may do you Service with a leading Voice in the Country, the Kennel will cry a'my Side; if it come to Election, you or your Friend shall carry it against the Common-wealth.

Lo. Well, Sir, since you have express'd your self so freely, I will not counsel you against your Disposition to stay at Court, you may go when, and whither you please; and though at parting, I have nothing worth your Acceptation, I will bestow these Crowns upon your Servant.

Dep. Thou shalt give 'em me agen.

Ro. Indeed, my Lord, I love a little Honesty, 'tis his Lordship's Bounty, it will be a Stock to set me up, for my self at Court, when your Lordship is retir'd into the Country, I humbly thank your Lordship, and take my leave of yours.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Duke my Lord. [*Exit, Servant.*

Dep. How the Duke? *Du.* Signior Depazzi.

Lo. He has bin earnest with me, and please your Highness,
To be his humble Suitor, he may have
Freedom to leave the Court.

Du. He shall be banisht. *Dep.* How?

Lo. What time will your Grace allow to provide?

Du. Two hours.

Dep. I had rather lose my Head at home, and save Charges
Of Travail, I beseech your Grace.

Du. Well, 'tis granted, let him not trouble us. (you.

Lo. Enjoy the Country, and return when the Duke sends for

Dep. I humbly thank his Highness, and will pray for your in-
Du. *Lorenzo*, are we private? (crease of Grace. *Exit.*

Lo. Yes, my Lord. *Du.* I am very melancholy.

Lo. I know the cause, 'tis *Amidea*. *Du.* Right.

Lo. I do not wish her dead. *Du.* It were a Sin.

Lo. Not in Heaven, Sir; yet
There be Ladies, that would think it a promotion.

Du. It were pity she should leave
The World, till she hath taught by her Example
The nearest way.

Lo. I am very confident she's yet honest. *Du.* Yet, *Lorenzo*?

Lo. Ay, Sir, but I'me not of Opinion it is
Impossible to know a change. *Du.* Take heed.

Lo. I must confess, she has been very valiant,
In making you remove your Siege, and shew'd
Prety dexterity at the Ponyard,
See her self bleed:
You were startled
To see her strike her Arm, and grew compassionate.

Du. I was not Marble; we break Adamant
With blood, and could I be a Man, and not
Be mov'd to see that hasty Ebb of Life
For my sake?

Lo. Ascend agen,
And fix in your lov'd Orb, he brings this comfort

Than

That can assure it. *Du.* Ha!
Lo. You shall enjoy her.
Du. Enjoy fair *Amidea*? do not tempt,
Or rather mock my frailty with such a promise.
Lo. Shake off your melancholly slumber, I
Have here decreed you shall possess her.
Du. Is this in nature?
Lo. Thus: *Sciarrha's* Life
And Fortunes are already growing forfeit,
These brains have Plotted so; your mercy shall
Purchase what you can wish.
Du. Do this,
And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,
And take thee to my Soul, a nearer pledge
Than Blood or Nature gave me: I'm renew'd,
I feel my natural warmth return, when, where,
Is this to be expected? I grow Old,
While our Embraces are deferr'd.
Lo. I go, to hasten your delight,
Sciarrha's Fate is cast
Firmer than Destiny.
Du. Thou art my Prophet, I'll raise thee up an Altar.
Lo. Trust these brains.
Du. Thou mak'st my Spirit caper in my veins. [*Exit.*

Cosmo, *and two Gentlemen above.*

1 *Gent.* This way they pass.
Cos. I would not see 'em.
2 *Gent.* Why?
1 *Gent.* What melancholy o'th' suddain? It is now past cure.
Cos. I know it is, and therefore do not
Desire to Witness their Solemnity, should *Oriana*
See me to day.
2 *Gent.* What then?
Cos. I fear she'd be displeas'd.
2 *Gent.* We dispute not those nice formalities.

Enter *Alonzo, Piero, Pisano, Oriana, Morosa.*

1 *Gent.* She has spied you already.
Cos. I am sorry for't. [*Oriana* faints.
Mor. How is't, my Child?
Pis. She faints, what grief is so unmannerly
To interrupt thee now, *Oriana*? *Mor.* Daughter.
Pis. Will Heaven divorce us e'er the Priest have made
Our Marriage perfect? She returns.

Oria. Why were you so unkind to call me from
A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling.
Pie. This shews her heart's not yet consenting; 'tis
Her Mother's fierce command.
Ori. Something spake to me from that Window.
Pis. There is nothing. *Ori.* Nothing now.
Pis. Set forward.
Alon. I do not like this Interruption; 'Tis
Ominous.

Enter Amidea.

Am. Not for my sake, but your own, go back,
Or take some other way; this leads to death.
My Brother.—— *Pis.* What of him?
Am. Transported with
The fury of Revenge for my dishonour,
Hath vowed to kill you in your Nuptial Glory.
Alas! I fear his haste: Now, good my Lord,
Have mercy on your self; I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now.
But again,
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever.
Alon. It is worth
Your care, my Lord.
Pis. Alas! her Grief hath made her wild, poor Lady!
I should not love, *Oriana*, to go back;
Set forward, *Amidea*, you may live
To be a happier Bride: *Sclarrha* is not
So irreligious to prophane these Rites.
Am. Will you not then believe me? Pray persuade him,
You are his Freinds. Lady, it will concern
You most of all indeed: I fear you'll weep
To see him dead as well as I.
Pis. No more,
Go forward.
Am. I have done, pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well, may Heaven divert
All harms that threaten you:
I hope there is no sin in this;
Indeed I cannot chuse but pray for you,
This might have been my Wedding-day.

Ori. Good

Ori. Good Heaven!
I would it were; my heart can tell, I take
No Joy in being his Bride.
I will resign my Place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.
Am. Pray do not mock me.
Ori. Dear *Amidea*; do not think I mock
Your Sorrows; by these Tears, that are not worn
By every Virgin on her Wedding-day;
I am compell'd to give away my self:
Your Heart were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine:
Am not I wretched too?

Enter Sciarrha, Lorenzo, *aloof with a Guard.*

Alon. *Sciarrha*! then I prophesie ——
Sci. *Pisano*, where's *Pisano*?
Pis. Here, *Sciarrha*.
I should have answered with less Clamour.
Sci. But I would not lose my Voice, I must be heard,
And I must tell you, 'tis not safe to marry. *Pis.* Why.
Sci. 'Twill be fatal; *Hymen* is gone abroad,
And *Venus*, Lady of your Nativity,
Is found by wise Astrologers this day
I'th' House of Death.
Pis. This must not fright me, Sir; set forward.
Sci. One cold Word, you are a Villain;
I do not flatter.
Pis. I am patient:
This day I consecrate to Love, not Anger;
We'll meet some other time.
Sci. Deride my Fury?
Then to thy Heart I send my own revenge [*Stabs him with a Ponyard.*
And *Amidea's*.
Pis. I am murder'd.
Mor. Help, murder Gentlemen, Oh my Unhappiness!

Enter Lorenzo *with a Guard.*

Pis. Bloody *Sciarrha*. *Lo.* Hold.
Sci. Come all at once,
Yet let me tell you, my Revenge is perfect,
And I would spare your Blood, if you despise
My Charity.
Lo. No Man attempt his Death;
I'll give you Reasons; this Attempt deserves
An exemplary Justice.

Enter Cosmo.

Sci. I am above
Your politick reach, and glory in the wound
That punish'd our Dishonour: Is he dead?
I would not be so miserable, not to ha' sped him
For the Empire.

Cos. Oh my Friend, poor *Oriana.*

Lo. Disarm him:
Return and comfort one another; some [*Exeunt all but*
Remove *Pisano*'s Body, while I make it Lorenzo, Sciar.
My care *Sciarrha* scape not. *and Guards.*

Sci. None of all give me a scratch?

Lo. You have forc'd him with discretion.

Sci. Now what must I expect?

Lo. You are my Prisoner. *Sci.* I am so.

Lo. And be confident to find that favour. *Sci.* Favour.

Lo. Be at distance,
My Lord, I am sorry for your great Misfortune,
And if you can but study how I may
Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,
My readiness to serve you. *Sci.* Ha, this is honest.

Lo. I will impose no more
Restraint than your own House; you're Honourable:
You have many severe Enemies: The Duke
Look'd graciously upon *Pisano*, but ——

Sci. You sha'not lose the smallest beam of favour,
To buy a Man so desperate;
I am arm'd to die, and give Example of that Fortitude
Shall shame the Law's Severity.

Lo. I ha' thought a way
To recover you, if you incline to't.
Dare you consent?

Sci. To any thing that's noble,
Although I never fear'd to suffer; I
Am not so foolish to despise a Life.

Lo. There is no difficulty attends it; listen,
The time will not permit much circumstance:
The Duke you know did love your Sister.

Sci. Vitiously.

Lo. Her Virtue did but cool him for the present,
As sprinklings on a flame, he's now more passionate
To enjoy her. *Sci.* Ha!

Lo. If she consent to meet
His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals
Your Pardon.
The Duke may be so taken
With her Return to his Delight, who knows
But he may marry her, and discharge his Dutchess
With a quaint Sallet: You do apprehend me.
Sci. And repent more I had one good thought of thee,
Than had I kill'd a Thousand: Save my life
And prostitute my Sister, though I have
No Weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe
A damp shall stifle thee.
Lo. I ha' done,
And praise your Heathen Resolution
Of Death; go practise Immortality,
And e'er thy Body hath three Days inhabited
A melancholly Chamber in the Earth,
This Sister shall be ravish'd,
Mauger thy Dust and Heraldry.
Sci. Ha, ravish'd?
When I am dead, was't not so? Oh my Soul,
I feel it weep within me, and the Tears
Soften my Flesh: *Lorenzo*, I repent my Fury.
Lo. I advis'd you the best way my Wisdom could direct.
Sci. I thank you for't:
You have awak'd my Reason; I am asham'd
I was no sooner sensible. Does the Duke
Affect my Sister still, say you?
Lo. Most passionately.
Sci. She shall obey him then, upon my Life:
That's it, my Life; I know she loves me dearly.
I shall have much ado to win her to it,
But she shall come, I'll send her. *Lo.* Perform this.
Sci. I wo'not only send her, but prepar'd
Not to be disobedient to his Highness:
He shall command her any thing.
Lo. Do this,
And be for ever happy; when these have
Only for form but waited on you home:
This disingages 'em.
Sci. My humblest Service
To the Duke, I pray; and tell him, *Amidea*
This Night shall be at his Dispose, by this.

Lo. I'm

Eo. I'm confident, farewell; attend *Sciarrha.*

Sci. Pity the Seaman, that to avoid a shelf,
Must strike upon a Rock to save himself. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS Quintus.

Enter *Sciarrha*, and *Amidea*.

Sci. THe doors are fast,
Enough is wept already for *Pisano*;
There's something else that must be thought on, and
Of greater consequence: I am yet unsafe,
That for thy sake am guilty of his blood,

Am. Though all my stock of tears were spent already,
Upon *Pisano*'s loss,
Yet the remembrance that you have made
A forfeit of your dear life,
Is able to create a weeping spring
Within my barren head: Oh, my lost Brother!
Thou hast a cruel Destiny, my Eyes,
In pity of thy Fate, desire to drown thee.
The Law will only seek thee upon Land,
Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroak
Kills both our Name, and thee.

Sci. I know thou lov'st me,
Poor Girl, I shall desire to cherish life,
If thou lament me thus; so rich a comfort
Will tempt me, wish I might delay my journey
To Heaven.

Am. Good Heaven, that we might go together.

Sci. That must not be.

Am. Then let me go before. *Sci.* How?

Am. Make my suit unto the Prince, my blood
May be your ransome; let me dye, *Sciarrha.*

Sci. How my Honour blushes
To hear thee, *Amidea*?
Suffer for me! why, thou art innocent:
I have provok'd the Punishment, and dare
Obey it manly; if thou couldst redeem me
With any thing but death, I think I should
Consent to live.

Am. Nothing can be too precious
To save a Brother, such a loving Brother
As you have been

Sci. Death's a devouring Gamester,
And sweeps up all; what thinkst thou of an Eye?
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompenc'd,
To see me safe with t'other; or a hand,
This white hand, that hath so often
With admiration trembled on the Lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings a while,
And laid our ears close to thy Ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the Harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive Instrument.
No, *Amidea*, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life; the Sickle shall not touch
A Flower that grows so fair upon his stalk:
I would live, and owe my Life to thee,
So 'twere not bought too dear.
Am. Do you believe I should not find
The way to Heaven? Were both mine Eyes thy Ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged Cliffs
Without a hand.
Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love with that tenderness.
Am. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause.
Sci. The Duke thou know'st did love thee. *Am.* Ha!
Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mistake me;
I do not, as before, make tryal of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy Honour,
Meet his lascivious arms; but by this Vertue
I must beseech thee to forgoe it all,
And turn a sinful Woman. *Am.* Bless me!
Sci. I know the Kingdoms of the World contain not
Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee; but I am
Thy Brother, dying Brother; if thou lov'st
Him therefore, that for thee hath done so much;
Dy'd his pale hands in blood to revenge thee,
And in that Murther wounded his own Soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence.
Am. Oh! never, never.
Sci. What, not to save my Life?
Am. But stain my self for ever.

Sci. Where? In thy face, who shall behold one blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? Thy Beauty
Will be the very same, thy Speech, thy Person
Wear no deformity.

Am. Oh! do not speak
So like a Rebel to all Modesty,
To all Religion. If those Arguments
Spring from your jealousie, that I am fain,
After a Proof you did so late applaud——

Sci. I had not kill'd *Pisano* then:
Then I but try'd thy Virtue:
Now my Condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thy self thou appear cruel for't;
Come, We may live both, if you please.

Am. Who has made you afraid to dye? I pity you,
And wish my self in any Noble Cause
Your Leader.

Sci. So Valiant,
I will not interpose another Syllable
To entreat your pity; say your Prayers, and then
Thou'rt ripe to be Translated from the Earth,
To make a Cherubin.

Am. What means my Brother?

Sci. To kill you.

Am. Do not fright me, good *Sciarrha*.

Sci. And I allow three minutes for your Devotion.

Am. Will you murther me?

Sci. D'ye tremble?

Am. Not at the terrour of your Sword,
But at the horror will affright thy Soul
For this black deed: I see *Pisano's* blood
Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands
Retain too many, too many Crimson Spots already;
Make not thy self, by murthering of thy Sister,
All a Red Letter.

Sci: You shall be the Martyr.

Am: yet Stay, is there no Remedy but Death,

Sci. Lend from thy hand, then keep your word, and let me

Am. [illegible] *Sci.* I shall relent.

And [illegible]

Un[illegible]

Am. Forgive me Heaven, and w[illegible] *Kneels*
My Virgin Thoughts, 'tis not to save my [illegible] *Sciarrha*
But his Eternal one.

Sciarrha give me leave to vail my Face, [*Rises.*
I dare not look upon you and pronounce,
I am too much a Sister, live, hereafter
I know you will condemn my frailty for it.
I will obey the *Duke*.
Sci. Dar'st thou consent. [*Wounds her.*
Am. Oh! let me see the Wound. [*She unvails.*
'Tis well, if any other hand had done it:
Some Angel tell my Brother now, I did
But seem consenting. *Sci.* Ha, but seem?
Am. You may believe my last breath.
Sci. Why didst thou say so?
Am. To gain some time, in hope you might call in
Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt
Of being my Murderer; but Heaven forgive thee.
Sci. Agen, agen, forgive me, *Amidea*,
And pray for me; live but a little longer
To hear me speak, *Lorenzo* has
My Oath to send thee to his Bed: For otherwise
In my denial, Hell and they decree,
When I am dead, to Ravish thee: Mark that,
To Ravish thee: And I confess in Tears,
I did resolve, when I had found thee ripe,
And nearest Heaven, with all thy best desires
To send thee to thy Peace.
Am. With the same heart I beg Heaven for my self, farewel.
Sci. Thou shalt not die yet, *Amidea*, Sister. [Florio *knocks.*
I cannot come:
But one word more: Oh! which way went thy Soul?
[Florio *breaks open the door.*
Sci. Look, here's our Sister! so, so, chafe her:
She may return; there is some Motion. *Flo.* Sister?
Sci. Here's *Florio* would fain take his leave; so, so, she comes.
Flo. *Amidea*, how came this Wound?
Am. I drew the Weapon to it:
Heaven knows, my Brother lov'd me: Now I hope
The Duke wo'not pursue me with new Flames.
Sciarrha, tell the rest, love one another
The time you live together: I'll pray for you
In Heaven, farewel, kiss me when I am dead;
You else will stay my Journey. [*She dies.*
Sci. Did'st not hear
An Angel call her? *Florio*, I have much

To tell thee, take her up: She is not dead,
Let her alone; nay then she's gone indeed.
But hereabouts her Soul must hover still:
Let's speak to that fair Spirit. *Flo.* You talk idly.
Sci. Do you talk wisely then? An excellent Pattern
As she now stands for her own Alablaster.
Cannot thy Tears and mine preserve her, *Florio*?
But we lose time, I charge thee by thy love
To this pale Relick, be instructed by me,
Not to thy danger; some revenge must be,
And I am lost already; if thou fall,
Who shall survive to give us Funeral? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Petruchio.

Lo. Petruchio? *Pe.* My Lord.
Lo. Th'art now my Servant.
Pe. I ever was in heart your humblest Vassal.
Lo. Th'art faithful, I must cherish thy desert,
I shortly shall reward it, very shortly;
Next morning must salute me Duke; the Sun
And I must rise together.
Pe. I shall pray
Your Glory may out-shine him in your *Florence*,
And when he sets, we may enjoy your Sun-beam.
Lo. 'Tis handsom flattery, and becomes a Courtier.
Pe. I flatter not, my Lord.
Lo. Then th'art a Fool:
No Musick to a Great Man Chimes so sweetly:
And Men must thrive; come hither, How many
Hast thou kill'd? *Pe.* But one, my Lord. *Lo.* But one?
Pe. And I must owe
My Life to your Lordship, I had been hang'd else.
Lo. But one? wait at the Door, he is
Not fit to kill a Duke, whose Hand is guilty
But of a single Murder; or at least
Not fit alone to act it: I ha' been
Practis'd already, and though no Man see't,
Nor scace the Eye of Heaven, yet every day
I kill a Prince; appear thou Tragick Witness. [*He discovers the Duke's Picture, a Poniard sticking in it.*
Which though it bleed not, I may boast a Murder.
Here first the Duke was painted to the Life:
But with this Pencil to the Death: I love

My Brain for the Invention, and thus
Confirm'd, dare trust my Resolution.
I did suspect his Youth, and Beauty might
Win some Compassion when I came to kill him:
Or the Remebrance that he is my Kinsman,
Might thrill my Blood: Or something in his Title,
Might give my Hand Repulse, and startle Nature:
But thus I have arm'd my self against all pity,
That when I come to strike, my Ponyard may
Through all his Charms as confidently wound him,
As thus I stab his Picture, and stare on it.
He smiles, he smiles upon me: I will dig
Thy wanton Eyes out, and supply the dark
And hollow Cells with two pitch burning Tapers:
Then place thee Porter in some Charnel House,
To light the Coffins in.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. My Lord.

Lor. The Duke's not come already.

Pet. Signior *Florio* desires to speak with you.

Lor. This must retire again into my Closet: Admit him.

Enter Florio.

Welcome, how does *Sciarrha*?

Flo. He commends
His Service to your Lordship, and hath sent ——

Lor. His Sister?

Flo. Much ado he had to effect it:
He hopes his Grace will quickly sign his Pardon.

Lor. It shall be done.

Flo. I have a suit, my Lord. *Lor.* To me?

Flo. My Sister would intreat your Honour
She may be admitted privately, and that
I may have Privilege to prepare her Chamber:
She does retain some modesty, and wou'd not
Trust every Servant with her Shame: Their Eyes
Are apt to instruct their Tongues.

Lor. I wo'not see her my self, command what you desire.

Flo. Y'are gracious.

Lor. I'll give directions instantly: Poor Lady,
This is the Duke's hot Blood, but Heaven convert him:
Follow me, good *Florio*.

Flo. I attend, my Lord.

Lor. Things shall be carried honourably.
Flo. We are all bound to you. [*Exeunt.*
Recorders. [Amidea *discovered in a Bed, prepar'd by two Gentlewomen.*
1. This is a sad Employment.
2. The last we e'er shall do my Lady. [*Enter* Florio.
Flo. So, now you may return, it will become
Your modest Duties, not to enquire the Reason
Of this strange service, nor to publish what
Y'ave been commanded; let me look upon [*Ex. Gentlewomen.*
My Sister now, still she retains her Beauty.
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.
Thus in a Morning have I oft saluted
My Sister in her Chamber, sate upon
Her Bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages;
But now 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these Curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in Heaven. The Duke already.
Enter *Duke* and *Lorenzo.*
Du. May I believe? *Lo.* Trust me, my Lord, hereafter.
Du. Call me no more thy Lord, but thy Companion,
I wish not wear that Honour in my Title,
Shall not be thine. Who's that?
Lo. Her Brother *Florio.* *Du.* She is a Bed.
Lo. The readier for your pastime.
She means to make a Night on't.
Flo. This shall declare thee to Posterity
The best of Sisters——What of that? and is not
A Brother's Life more precious than a Trifle?
I prithee do not sigh: How many Ladies
Would be ambitious of thy place to night,
And thank his Highness? Yes, and Virgins too.
Du. He pleads for me.
Lo. He will deserve some Office 'bout your Person.
Du. With what words shall I express my joy?
Lo. I leave you, Sir, to action. *Florio* is soon dismist. [*Exit.*
Flo. He's come, good night——
Du. *Florio?* *Flo.* Your Slave.
Du. My Friend, thou shalt be near our bosom.
Flo. Pleasures Crown your expectation. [*Exit.*
Du. All perfect, 'till this minute, I could never
Boast I was happy: All this World has not

A Blessing to exchange; this World! 'tis Heaven;
And thus I take Possession of my Saint:
Asleep already? 'Twere great pity to
Disturb her Dream; yet if her Soul be not
Tir'd with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her Slumbers, I wait here, and thus
Seal my Devotion——What Winter dwells [*Kisses.*
Upon this Lip? 'Twas no warm kiss, I'll try
Agen——the Snow is not so cold, I have
Drank Ice, and felt a numbness spread through
My blood at once——ha! Let me examine
A little better; *Amidea*! she is dead, she is dead!
What horror doth invade me? Help, *Lorenzo*;
Murder, where is *Lorenzo*? [Enter *Lorenzo*, and *Petruchio*.

Lo. Here, my Lord.

Du. Some Traytor hid within the Chamber, see
My *Amidea*'s dead.

Lo. Dead? 'Tis impossible;
Yet sh'as a wound upon her breast.

Du. I prithee kill me. [*They wound him.*

Lo. With all my heart.

Du. Ha! wilt thou murder me, *Lorenzo*, Villain?
Oh, spare me to consider; I would live
A little longer; Treason.

Lo. A little longer, say ye?
It was my duty to obey you, Sir.

Pet. Let's make him sure, my Lord.

Du. Oh spare me, I may live and pardon thee:
Thy Prince begs mercy from thee, that did never
Deny thee any thing; pity my poor Soul,
I have not prayed.

Lo. I could have wish'd you better prepar'd,
But let your Soul e'en take his chance. [*Wounds him again.*

Du. No tear prevail? Oh, whither must I wander?
Thus *Cæsar* fell by *Brutus*. I shall tell
News to the World I go to, will not be
Believ'd, *Lorenzo* kill'd me. *Lo.* Will it not?
I'll presently put in security.

Du. I am coming, *Amidea*, I am coming:
For thee, inhumane Murderer, expect
My blood shall flye to Heaven, and there inflam'd,
Hang a prodigious Meteor all thy life.

Oh!

Oh I faint! Thou flattering World farewell: Let Princes gathe
My dust into a Glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of State, that's all they have; for when
That's out, Time never turns the Glass again. [*Dies.*
Lo. So, lay him beside his Mistress.
The Duke dismist the Train came with him?
Pe. He did, my Lord.
Lo. Run to *Sciarrha*, pray him come, and speak wo' me;
Secure his passage to this Chamber, haste. [*Exit Pet.*
He's dead, I'll trust him now, and his Ghost too:
Fools start at shadows, I'm in love with night,
And her Complexion. [*Enter Pet.*
Pe. My Lord, he's come without your Summons.
Lo. Already? leave us. [Enter *Sciarrha*, and *Florio*.
Welcome, let embraces
Chain us together. Noble *Florio* welcome:
But I must honour thy Great Soul.
Sci. Where's the Duke?
Lo. They are a Bed together. *Sci.* Ha!
Lo. He's not stirring yet: Thou kiss'dst thy Sister, didst not?
Sci. I preserv'd her. *Lo.* So, it was bravely done.
Sci. But where's the wanton Duke?
Lo. Asleep, I tell you. *Sci.* And he shall sleep eternally.
Lor. You cannot wake him, look you.
Sci. Is he dead?
Lo. And in his Death we two begin our Life
Of Greatness, and of Empire, nay, he's dead.
Sci. That labour's sav'd.
Lo. Now I pronounce, *Sciarrha*,
Thy Pardon, and to recompence thy loss.
The share of *Florence*, I'll but wear the Title,
The Power we'll divide.
Sci. I like this well:
You told a Tale once of a Commonwealth, and Liberty.
Lo. It was to gain a Faction
With discontented Persons, a fine Trick
To make a Buzz of Reformation.
My ends are compass'd, Dam the Ribble Rabble.
Sci. Shall we Sweat for the People? Lose our Breath
To get them fame?
Lo. I'll have it given out
The Duke did kill thy Sister. *Sci.* Excellent.
Lo. Having

Lo. Having first ravish'd her, he cannot be
Too hateful; it will dull the Examination
Of his own Death; or if that come to question ——
Sci. What if I say, I kill'd him in Revenge
Of *Amidea*? They will pity me.
Beside, 'twill be in your power to pardon
Me altogether. *Lo.* Most discreetly thought on.
Sci. The Devil wo'not leave us o'the suddain.
Lo. Rare wit:
How hastily he climbs the Precipice,
From whence one Fillup topples him to ruine:
We two shall live like Brothers.
Sci. Stay, we two —— now I consider better,
I have no mind to live at all ——and you sha'not,
I'll give you proof; if you but make a noise,
You gallop to the Devil. *Lo.* I'm betray'd.
Sci. To Death inevitable. Brother be you Spectator only.
Lo. This is somewhat Noble.
Sci. Thank me, not *Lorenzo*, I'll not engage
His Innocence to blood, thy hands are white,
Preserve 'em, *Florio*; and unless my arm
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy Sword I charge thee.
Lo. None to assist me? help, *Petruchio*, help.
Petr. Murther, Murther!
They fight, Enter Petruchio, *who offering to run at* Sciarrha, *is intercepted by* Florio, Petruchio, *runs in crying help,* Florio *makes fast the door.*
Lo. Reach thy jaws wider, Villain, cry out Murther,
Treason, any thing; hold——Oh. *Lo. falls.*
Sci. Will you not fall, *Colossus*?
Flo. Are not you hurt?
Sci. I know not, ha? Yes, he has prick'd me somewhere,
But I'll make sure of him; now must I follow:
I'll fight with him i'th' tother World——thy hand,
Florio. Farewell. [*Dies.*
Flo. He's dead too, 'tis in vain for me to fly.
Within. Break open the doors.
Flo. You shan't need.
Enter *Pretruchio, Cosmo, Alfonso, Frederico,* with Guard.
Al. Disarm him.
Cos. *Lorenzo*, and *Sciarrha* Slain?
Al. Where is the Duke?

Petr.

Pla. Look here, my Lords.

Al. What, Traytors?

Pra. See *Amidas* murthered here.

Cas. I tremble, him as dearest I remember.

Al. We must have an account from *Florus*.

Flo. He can inform you, but they brought you hither.

Al. Lay hands upon *Florus*, disarm him.

Cas. What blood is that upon his Sword? 'tis fresh.

Flo. I'm caught.

Cas. To Torture with him.

Pla. Spare your fury, know

'Twas the best blood in *Florence*, I must quit

Young *Floria*; *Lorenzo*, and my self,

Are only guilty of the Prince's Death.

Al. Inhumane Traytors.

Cas. But who killed *Amidas*?

Flo. The Duke's Ghost.

There was no other way to save her Honour.

My Brother has revenge'd it here, but Fate

Deny'd him Triumph.

Al. I never heard

Such killing Stories, but 'tis meet we first

Settle the State; *Casse*, you are the next

Of Blood, to Challenge *Florence*.

Cas. Pray defer

This till the Morning, drag that Murtherer

To Prison; *Floria*, you must not expect

Your Liberty, 'till all things be examin'd.

Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,

And will make satisfaction to *Oriana*.

'Tis a sad Night, my Lords, by these you see

There is no stay in proud Mortality. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.